Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIII., No. 7. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1898. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

AUBERT GALLION QUE
Lillie Power
693408

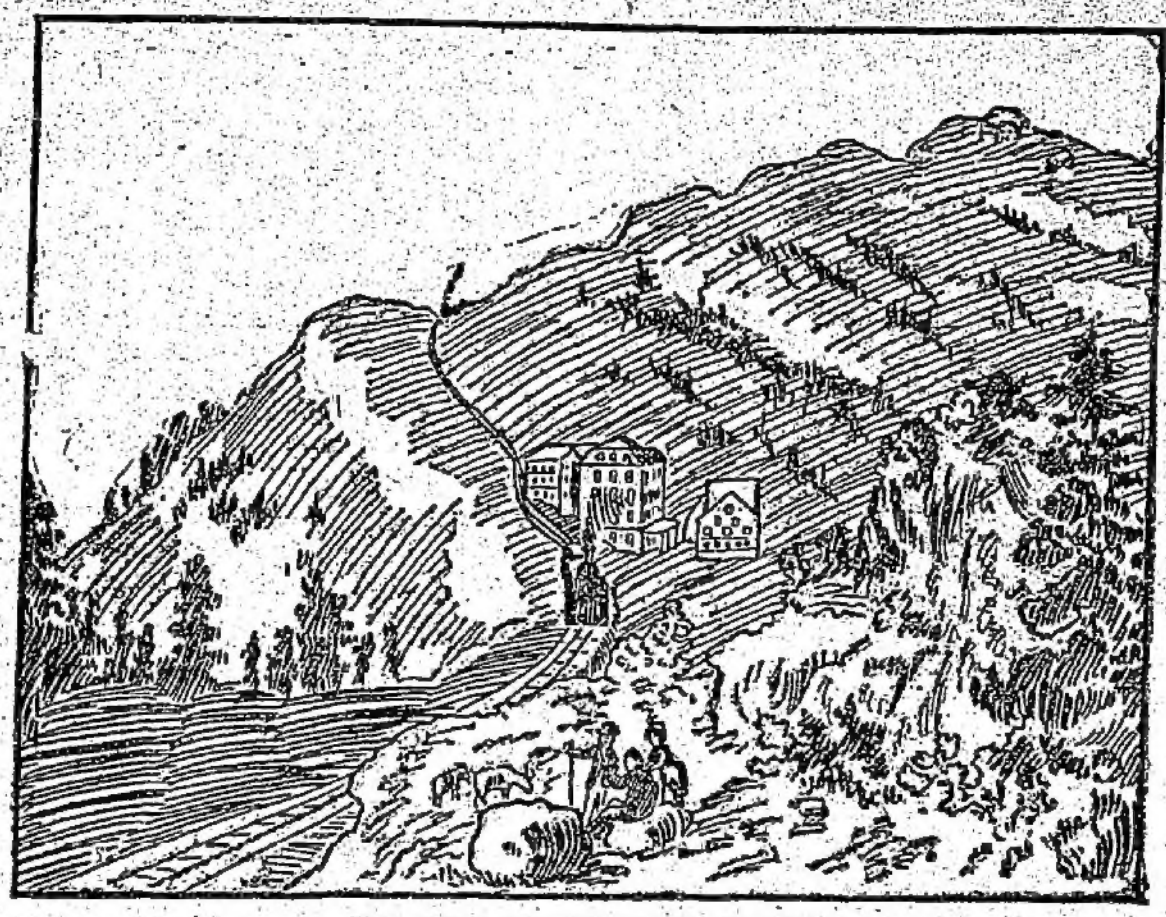
Sun rise Upon the Righi, Switzerland.

(By Rev. J. N. Hallock, in 'Christian Work.')

Two ascensions of this noted elevation have been enjoyed by me in the course of the last few years. Of course everyone knows that the Righi, of Switzerland, is a mountain some six thousand feet high, and which is now ascended by a railway somewhat similar to the one in this country upon Mount Washington. My first ascension was on foot and mule-back, just as my first ascension on Mount Washington was made in the same way, before the construction of the railway. I still think that this method of ascending a mountain is much the more impressive and picturesque.

The second ascension was made by railway, for where there is a railway, one is pretty sure to take it. Since the completion of the Righi railway hundreds of passengers every day have availed themselves of this method of getting to the top of the mountain, where there is a hotel called the Kulm, and of which our cut gives a good idea. Before you reach the Kulm, and perhaps a mile or so beneath, there is another hotel called Hotel Staffel, and many tourists are contented with reaching this elevation. A night spent at the Kulm, however, will abundantly repay one, if he has the time and is making an excursion for recreation and pleasure. The invalid who can stay for a time, several days, or even weeks in these airy heights, finds his appetite increase in an astonishing degree. To one, however, who has only one night to spend upon these sublime heights, the curiosity of seeing the magnificent sunrise and the alpine scenery upon all sides, extending more than three hundred miles in circumference, will be sufficient to rouse him up early in the morning, and, as he will be likely to sleep, as some one remarked, 'on the tiptoe of expectation,' his sleep may not be as sound as it might otherwise be.

Early in the morning the Alpine horn sounds its reveille for those who wish to hasten and see the rising sun, and it is wonderful how early the sun manages to get up there. If, however, it rose at midnight, the result, so far as the sleepers are concerned, would be much the same. Those who have remained many days upon the top may continue on in their slumbers, but those who have but one morning to see the sights are up and on hand. At the signal all of these transient visitors rush out, some clad in their right mind and other belongings, and others not so much so.



THE KULM AND THE HOTEL STAFFEL.

The first effort upon our part to see the sun under these circumstances, was anything but a success excepting so far as the effect of the Alpine horn was concerned. This resounded upon the mountain top in the cold, clear morning air with an effect superior to anything we had heard before. According to all the promises that had been made, Old Phœbus should have followed it; but instead a thick mist seemed to be spread over all the land, and just where we expected to see the glorious orb of day appear, the cloud of mist seemed thicker than elsewhere, so we never were quite sure from ocular demonstration that the sun actually rose at all that day. We saw it once afterward, however, that is, we saw the sun rise upon our second visit, and so can testify from actual experience that the sun does rise in that far away and elevated locality.

Upon this occasion, as upon our previous visit, a crowd of transient visitors appeared in response to the Alpine horn, and this crowd comprised representatives from almost every nation under the sun, each one being arrayed in a costume sui generis, and the entire assemblage were arrayed in costumes as various almost as the individuals of which it was composed. First above the mountain we caught a glimpse of the golden streaks that heralded the approach of the King of Day. This narrow belt of light gradually widened, and the snow-crowned peaks of the higher Alps commenced to change color, passing in quick succession from white to yellow, and from yellow to a faint crimson, as the earliest beams of light touched their icy foreheads, Suddenly the distant mountain tops began to appear like so many islands out of the sea. First, distant Mont Blanc, with its round bald head of eternal snow, then the sharp pointed top of the Matterhorn, and after them in quick succession scores of mountain tops. Thus, before we were fully aware of it, the great King of Day had greeted us, and his golden disc appeared above the horizon. Exclamations of wonder and delight were heard on every side, and all felt well repaid for the trouble and inconvenience caused by the novel experience.

THE RAILWA UP THE RIGHI.

An Indian Boy Seeking and Confessing Christ.

In Dera Ismael Khan, a city on the Indus River, there lived a boy, who thus tells his own story: 'At the time this story begins I was about thirteen years old. I was sent to one of the mission schools, where I was

taught besides other lessons, all about the true God, and about his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. But I only despised him, and thought my heathen gods were right and the Christian's wrong.

'As I went on learning, however, I could not help thinking of what I read and heard, and before long I found that the bible was full of wonderful things that I had never heard of before.

'A piece of paper on which I had written some questions to ask my teacher, fell into the hands of my brother. It showed that I no longer believe in the Hindu gods and wished to become a Christian. He showed it to my father and mother, who were shocked and alarmed, and used every argument to change my mind, and even went down on their knees before me, and with many tears entreated me not to become a Christian; but I had found such a friend in Jesus that I could not give him up, even to please my father and mother.

'When my parents saw that they could not change my purpose they sent for some of the heathen teachers and Brahmins to see if they could change my mind, but, of course, they could not, for you see God had already changed my heart, and the Brahmins could not alter that.

'Finding that I could not be moved to deny my Saviour, by entreaties and arguments and tears, my father took another plan. Knowing how fond Hindu boys are of fine clothes and ornaments, he offered me a great many jewels of gold and silver and precious stones, if I would only not be a Christian; but I preferred the 'one pearl of great price' to all the tempting jewels that he could give me.

'My father having found that all other attempts had failed took severe measures; he beat me cruelly again and again, and at last he and my older brother got me one night into their bedroom, away where my mother could not hear my cries, and having kindled a fire, they boiled some oil in a pot, tied a cotton cloth to a stick, dipped the cloth in the boiling oil and rubbed it over my hands and feet. He then took a large stick and beat me on the elbows and knees, saying all the time, "Now call on Christ to save you, and if he hears you we will believe on him too." And Christ did hear me, and made me feel that he was with me, and comforted and strengthened me. I now resolved to flee from my home, and after many vain attempts to get away, I got up one night when all were asleep and fled, with nothing on but a shirt, though the night was cold, and the road rough for my naked feet. I had to pass through the gate of the city, but most providentially it was open. When I got to the missionary's house I found he had not closed the door, so I rushed in and awoke him and told him all. He had great difficulty about my baptism, as I was not of age. My father summoned him before a magistrate, who would have sent me back to my home, but when tried by another he wisely said it was not a question of age, but whether I could give good reasons for my change of religion. He examined me himself, and was so satisfied with my answers that, to my great joy, he left me to make my own choice as to whether I would live as a Christian with the missionary, or go back to my parents and worship idols. Much as I loved my father and mother, I forsook them and all that I had, and followed Jesus. — 'Christian Alliance.'

The Envelope System.

Just exactly what is the use and working of the envelope system is a question that would be well to answer. No one dreams of not laying aside regularly the money needed for rent and household expenses, but that which is to be offered to God usually varies according to the amount of money we happen to have with us when the alms are received in church. Now there are two self-evident propositions which we will venture to make. First: It is the duty of everyone to do something for the support of the Church and its work. Second: This duty is just as sacred as that of paying any other debt. Considering these facts, all will agree that the envelopes should not be looked upon as torments, but as helps. Having decided with your own conscience what you think you ought to give each week or each month, as a token of your gratitude to your heavenly Father, these envelopes will help to remind you to lay aside exactly that amount weekly or monthly. If you have been compelled to omit this offering on any occasion, they have a nice little way of saying, 'Make it up, make it up.' When this system becomes a universal one, both you and the Church will be benefited. You, because you will come to church with more self-respect, knowing you have done your duty; the Church, because with more funds at its disposal and knowing what will be received during the year, will be able to do more work. The originator of this system was the great St. Paul. (I. Cor. xvi., 2 and II. Cor. ix., 7, 9.).—'Our Country Church.'

A Queer Family.

A COBWEB STORY—FOR THE TIMID.

Once there lived—no matter where — a very queer family of brothers and sisters. It was a large family, so large that really I am afraid to tell you how many members it had, for fear you would laugh at me.

The queerness of this family was its strange reserve. For instance, a fearful pestilence raged one summer in the land, and crept nearer and nearer the city where these brothers and sisters lived. At length, one sad day the sound of wailing was heard in the streets, for the pestilence had come. House upon house was stricken, and the black cart went up and down, groaning beneath its weight.

Yet all the while this reserved family of brothers and sisters, though they talked about butter and eggs, about neckties and bonnets, never mentioned the pestilence. Nay, even when it entered their own beautiful home and the fairest of the sisters and the noblest of the brothers were laid low, no word regarding the disaster passed their lips—so very reserved was this queer family of brothers and sisters.

One day, after the pestilence had passed over, there came to them the news that they had fallen heirs to an immense property. It would come to more than a million dollars apiece. You would expect the very window-panes to clatter with their jubilation. But no; the letter containing the glad tidings was left carelessly around where each might pick it up and peruse it, but not a word concerning their good fortune did they speak to one another, though daily they talked about newspapers and the weather, about jackknives and fiddles. They seemed strangely afraid of one another, this very reserved family of brothers and sisters.

They learned that the whole family of them would soon cross the ocean to spend the remainder of their lives in Europe. You would think their tongues would wag briskly enough on that theme, over their steamboat circulars and their Baedekers, their books of travel and their histories. You would look to hear, when you entered the house, scarcely anything but talk concerning their new home, and how to get there. But, though they conversed about potatoes, and ice-cream, about bicycles and fountain-pens, not a word did they say concerning their coming journey. They appeared, some way, too timid to mention the subject—this very reserved family of brothers and sisters.

Queerest of all, perhaps, was about their father. He was with them all the time. He loved them dearly, and gave them every imaginable delight. No one could be wiser and kinder than he. And yet I never heard this strange family so much as introduce his name into their conversation, though I have talked with them on all possible themes, from politics to persimmons, and from poetry to poultry. One would actually think them afraid to talk about their father; —this very, very reserved family of brothers and sisters.

And, now, with that last paragraph, my readers, you have come, of course, to see what I mean. For are we not all of us brothers and sisters of a great family? and is not our Father all I have said he is? and are we not soon to cross a mysterious sea into another world where we shall live forever? and are we not surrounded by the encroaching pestilence of sin, that eats and slays as no cholera or plague ever did? and as for our inheritance, who of you would sell your eyes for a million dollars, or for that sum would part with your intellect?

And yet, queer family of brothers and sisters that we are! when we meet together we talk of everything brain can conceive except these most natural things: our great dangers, our great joys, our great destiny, our Father. We are too timid to talk about such matters, we are so exceedingly reserved a family of brothers and sisters!—'Golden Rule.'

Interesting Children in Missions.

Children are intense in their interest in all things which are made attractive to them. What can be made more winning in its attractiveness than child-life among people of different nations?

Do not begin to teach children of the grown people who are in need of our help. Describe home life of little ones in Africa, India, Armenia, and Alaska. Contrast life in the South Seas with child-life in our North-West.

Let the children write on slips of paper all the blessings they possess which some little coral islander lacks. Then teach the lesson — only because Jesus Christ came as a little child do children in our land enjoy so much. For his sake, shall they help other children into the light? Sometimes is it not true that we impress the children too much with the idea that missionary work is foreign work, forgetting that every land is home-land to its own children? They need to feel the reality of conditions which make the sum of life to children of different colors and tongues. Missionary teas for primary departments may be made very successful. Each class may represent a country, having its teacher and members dressed in appropriate costumes. Let the refreshments be characteristic of the land represented, and let them be eaten in typical fashion.

Birthday offerings from such a school might be devoted to the support of some one child. Always centralize work, so that it may be brought within the grasp of even the tiniest child. None are too young to be taught to pray for children who know nothing of Jesus. Habits of prayer live long in little hearts.

Girls from ten to fourteen are usually proud of their needlework. Let them sew for some school. Cards and Sunday-school papers are always acceptable and may be brought for distribution. Boys can make curious things with jack-knives, which other boys may appreciate.—'The Occident.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Reformation of Katherine

(New York 'Observer.')

'But, Charles, something must be done to break Katherine of this. The habit grows constantly, and if her fault is ever to be corrected we must begin at once. She is now fifteen and I have thought and hoped that she would outgrow it; but instead of doing that, the habit is, as I said, growing worse.'

'Oh, pshaw, Mary, that is just imagination on your part; nothing but imagination. Katherine displays vivacity in her language, to be sure, but not too much to be interesting, and it just suits me. Would you take all the picturesqueness from her descriptions? Why, scarcely a day passes but some one remarks to me about Katherine's brightness.'

'Yes, I also hear of Katherine's brightness, Charles, but I fear to hear of her untruthfulness. At least, you will not interfere when I correct her in your presence?'

'No, no, certainly not; but don't make her dull and ordinary in your reforming process, Mary, or——'

'Oh, papa,' cried Katherine, sweeping into the room like a hurricane, her big brown eyes sparkling with delight, 'whatever do you think? You never could guess in a hundred years, though, so you needn't try. Professor Schultze said my voice was going to be simply magnificent! With such a perfectly wonderful voice at my age, he said absolutely no success was too great for me to expect! What do you think of that, momsie? Don't, please, please don't think I'm conceited, mamma; I'm not the least, tiniest mite, for I wouldn't tell a single person in all the world but you and papa, what the professor said.'

She was on her knees now, at her mother's side, with her arms about her neck.

'Did he say any thing about practising?' asked Judge Marley, with a twinkle in his eye.

'Indeed he did, papa. He talked a solid hour about it.'

'My dear,' Mrs. Marley remonstrated, 'your entire lesson lasts but an hour. How could he talk all that time about practising, and hear your lesson besides?'

'Oh, you know what I mean mamma. He read me a regular lecture about it, and now that school is out I intend to practice six hours every day of the week; two on vocal and four on instrumental. Then I must put an hour on my harmony,' and she sprang up and went to the piano.

Judge Marley laughed. 'I fancy the six hours will dwindle in the course of two days,' he said. 'But what about the new girl? She is here, is she? You look very tired, my dear. Try to rest now, that you have some one to relieve you. I'll be through with court in another week, and we will go to the springs for a little change. It will do you good.'

'Perhaps it might,' Mrs. Marley answered, absently. 'Charles, you must help me with Katherine. Don't you see how necessary it is that something be done?'

'Well, if Katherine must be reformed, I suppose I shall have to assist'; and the judge, who had been standing with his hat in one hand, and the other upon the door knob, hastened to take his departure. He could not bear to hear that his pet had any faults. He knew her to be so much like himself that he considered her perfect. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the reformation of Katherine was delayed by Mrs. Marley's illness.

'Katherine, your mother is not well enough to come downstairs,' said Judge Marley to his daughter as she came into the dining room next morning, 'and you must look after the new girl as well as your mother. She will tell you what she wishes done after she has breakfasted.'

'Is mamma very dangerously sick, papa?' asked Katherine anxiously.

'No, not dangerously sick at all. She has overworked, I think. I shall leave word for Doctor Harter to call, and you must take his directions. Be very careful to make no mistake with the medicine.'

When Katherine had finished her breakfast she prepared a dainty meal for her mother and carried it to her.

'It is very unfortunate that I am not able to show Sally about the work,' said Mrs. Marley. 'So much depends upon a new girl being started aright. You must do the best you can with her, Katherine, for a short time, when I hope to be well again.' And she gave directions for Sally's installation.

Katherine found that the new girl was of the old variety; ignorant, but very willing to learn at her employer's expense. 'Now that you understand all about our lunch, Sally, I'll tell you about mamma's. She wishes only beef-tea and wafers. You mustn't take a great quantity of either to her, for sick people are very dainty, and mamma is the most particular person you ever saw when she is ill, about what she eats. Here is the beef-extract on this shelf. Take just a tiny bit, for it is as strong as concentrated lye. There's pretty near a whole beef in one little jar, so, of course, you can't use much. Put the wafers in the oven till they are crisp, not brown. About half a second will do it. I shouldn't go away if I had not promised, and mamma says I must keep my word. I'll be home to give the medicine.'

Sally followed Katherine's instructions. The result was a cupful of well-salted hot water of the palest brown color and two soft warm wafers.

'What is this?' Mrs. Marley asked, as Sally gave her the cup.

'The beef-tea, ma'am. I made it just as the young lady said I should. Is it too strong, ma'am?' asked she, anxiously.

'A little strong of salt, perhaps,' was the reply, as Mrs. Marley returned the tea to the tray.

'Faix, 'tis too bad, thin. But thim was the verry worruds she said to me: The mate is one whole cow sthewed down into that little jar, and ye must take just a teenty bit av it and a great big pshoon av salt; for it's most awful frish, thin. And I thinks to myself thim was awful chape cows at forty cints. They tell me that is all the little jar costs, to say nothing av the wurruk.'

Mrs. Marley could not doubt that Sally had followed instructions. She was too ill to explain to her, and when, an hour later, Katherine returned home she found her mother much worse.

'Oh, mamma, it is all my fault! I never, never should have left you in that perfectly thoughtless way. The luncheon was just simply adorable, and the girls looked like dreams of beauty in their——what is it, dear mamma?' she said, as she saw the color die out of her mother's face and her head sink back on the pillow. 'Oh, she's dying,' she cried, 'mamma's dying.'

She ran to the stairs and called frantically to Sally: 'Send for papa as quick as you can. Mamma's dying!'

Without waiting to inquire further, Sally hailed a small boy who happened to be passing and sent him to the court house on flying feet.

'Tell the judge his wife's a-dyin,' and to come at once,' said the breathless boy to one of the officials, who broke the news to Judge Marley as gently as possible. The court was at once adjourned, and the judge driven rapidly home.

Katherine met him at the gate. 'Oh, papa, it was a mistake! I was frightened nearly to death, for I never saw mamma look so ill before, and you mustn't blame me.'

'Not this time, daughter,' and he passed hastily into the house.

'Katherine was excited when she sent you that word,' said Dr. Harter, smiling. 'I found Mrs. Marley had fainted, but she is better now. She tells me she ate nothing at noon and she is very weak.'

Judge Marley said nothing to Katherine, but he was convinced that his wife was right about her habit of exaggeration becoming a serious fault; and he agreed with her that the reformation should be attempted without further delay.

'Dear me,' said Katherine, in tears, 'I've tried for half a century to watch every single word that passed my lips. I'm just completely worn out and wrinkled in trying. But if you think it is really noticeable, I'll keep on trying every second of my life, if it kills me, as no doubt it will.'

'Katherine, Katherine,' exclaimed her mother, despairingly.'

'Why, what's the matter, dear mamma? Don't you think I'll try when I say I will?'

'I hope so, child,' said her mother, who, still weak from her illness, felt unequal to pointing out the inaccuracies of her speech.

The next day Katherine attended a class picnic. 'Goodbye, girls!' she cried merrily, upon her return, kissing her hand to the four girls remaining in the carriage out of which she had just stepped, 'I never in all my life had such a perfectly gorgeous, delicious afternoon, and I'll never, never forget it, if I live a thousand years. Good-by! Oh, but I'm tired! absolutely tired to death.' This she addressed to her parents who were sitting on the verandah. 'Mamma, I'm positively certain you never had such a perfectly glorious afternoon.'

'Glad to see you home, perfectly,' interrupted her brother Frank, joining the group, 'Tell us all about the picnic.'

'Whatever do you mean by saying you're glad to see me home perfectly? If you interrupt I cannot finish telling you of the fun in a month. Well, to begin at the very first, as we were driving out along the willow road; and, to tell the truth, we were going faster than any express train you ever saw—'

'Is that the truth, Katherine?' her father asked gravely. 'I would purchase that horse if a reasonable sum would buy him; for a horse that could draw six girls in a heavy carriage, faster than any express—'

'Oh, papa, of course, I meant that we were driving very fast. You know what I mean. Just as we came in sight of the curve, who should we see coming towards us at a breakneck speed but old Farmer Gordon, in his old carry-all. He was leaning over the dashboard and cracking a whip that was as long as a clothes-line.' Katherine laughed gaily at the picture she drew.

'Katherine! as long as a clothes-line?'

'Oh, just a little short, tiny one, mamma dear.' Katherine's temper was still unruffled.

'You know how extremely narrow the willow road is, not wider than a thread at the curve, really not wide enough for one vehicle—'

'There is no road in the country, daughter, that is not wide enough for teams to pass each other. Excuse me for interrupting, but I would not have a child of mine live longer than fifteen years and not be aware of that fact.'

A troubled look crept into Katherine's

eyes, but she continued. 'Of course, I did know that, but, at any rate, Farmer Gordon was driving in a frightfully reckless manner, and every one of us girls was completely paralyzed with fear. Not one could move a muscle or utter a cry all this time, and it seemed weeks to all—'

'Centuries, sister mine,' suggested Frank.

'Of us,' continued Katherine, with fine disregard of her brother's words, 'On he came like the wind, and Jean turned our horse to one side just as he came upon us, and thus saved the lives of all! Didn't she show the most wonderful presence of mind?'

'Indeed, she showed more than that. I don't remember that I ever heard of an entirely helpless paralytic showing such wonderful recuperative powers.'

'What do you mean, papa? I don't understand you this evening. I thought you'd love to hear of our day in the woods,' Katherine spoke in an aggrieved tone.

'It is very interesting,' said Judge Marley. 'Did the five—for I presume Jean had recovered from her stroke—paralytics go on to the woods and hold their picnic?'

'What paralytics, papa?' I did not speak of any, did I? I do not remember of doing so.'

Her father recalled her description, and urged her to be more careful.

Katherine promised, perhaps not so readily as usual, for she foresaw difficulties. She did not finish her story. The twilight had deepened into darkness, and the others went into the house.

'I will stay here a little while and think of my shortcomings,' she said in reply to her mother's inquiry. 'I won't stay out longer than the hundredth part of a minute.'

'Oh, Katherine!'

'Forgive me, mamma! I should say that I will not stay longer than ten minutes.'

She drew back behind the wistaria that clung to the verandah, and really was talking very seriously to herself when she heard her own name spoken by two girls who were passing.

'Yes, Judge Marley lives here,' one was saying. 'You've heard about Katherine? She is quite celebrated in one way.'

'How is that?'

'As being the most untruthful girl in Berman. Some people even use a stronger word, and some say it's just exaggeration; but for my part I cannot see much difference. When Katherine Marley states anything for a fact, it isn't safe to repeat it until its confirmed by some one who is reliable. At least, so her intimate friends tell me, and—'

Katherine waited to hear no more. She rushed into the room and buried her face in her mother's lap.

'Mamma, mamma,' she said, when she could restrain her sobs and tell her story, 'I never—I mean that I will try every—no, I will just try everlastingly—Oh, no, not that. Oh, mamma, I will—try—dreadful—try—to stop it. There! Though my tongue rusts from disuse, yet—'

'My dear!'

Katherine quickly closed her lips and held them with her fingers, looking hopelessly at her mother. Then, she arose, kissed her good night, and said very slowly: 'I—will—try—to—tell — the — truth, dear mamma. Good night!'

'And ask God to help you, my dear,' responded her mother.

Katherine did, so and the reform was manifest to all.

EMILY GUILLON FULLER.

Leaf tobacco was the only small currency Bishop Taylor found when he first went to Liberia. As soon as possible the Bishop introduced pieces of laundry soap as a more civilizing medium of exchange, and this has supplanted the tobacco.—'Golden Rule.'

Individually.

(Mary E. Bamford.)

Bertha put half a dozen fresh stalks of celery into a glass. Bertha helped her aunt, Mrs. Reagh, who was housekeeper for the Sanitarium. There were a number of people staying in the central building, and in little scattered houses on the grounds. Not all the people were ill. Some nervous people came here for rest. There was one young school-teacher, about eighteen years old Bertha thought, who had almost lost her voice from overstraining it teaching. Bertha, who was sixteen, used to look at the two doctors who attended the Sanitarium, and wish that they might be sure to cure that young school teacher. What would she do for a living if her voice never came back again?'

Uncle Reagh, who kept up the fire in the big bath-house and did other work, came into the kitchen to-day as Bertha finished putting the stalks of celery into the glass.

'Bertha,' said Uncle Reagh, putting down his basket of split kindlings in its usual place, 'I met that young school-teacher walking under the oaks just now, and she looked real down-hearted,'

'I don't wonder!' returned Bertha, 'She's been here two months, and I don't see that she can talk any better than she could when she came. Sometimes she can't speak above a whisper, and when she can, her voice will suddenly break or go up higher with a queer sound. It must be discouraging.'

'It's the effect of overstraining, teaching so many hours a day,' responded Uncle Reagh.

'She has an old uncle and aunt that are hardly able to support themselves,' said Bertha, soberly. 'They are almost father and mother to her, for her parents are dead. Her teaching supported the uncle and aunt, and now she's so worried because she doesn't see how they can live if she can't get back her voice. Doesn't it seem such a pity she should lose it? I never felt so sorry for any girl.'

Uncle Reagh stood looking down at the chip basket.

'It seems a pity to you and me,' he answered, 'but, Bertha, maybe it's the way the Lord's leading that little school-teacher nearer to him. You see, Bertha, the Lord doesn't only think of his people as a great company. He know's we're separate persons. He loves us individually. Bertha, that's a great comfort. 'Twas years after I became a Christian before I began to realize that the way I do now. Of course, I believed as a general truth, that the Lord loved me. But to think, Bertha, as a real, personal thing, that the Lord loves me, individually, every day! Why, Bertha, I'd had so many burdens to bear that I hadn't thought of that, then. It's comforted me ever since.'

Uncle Reagh's face was glad. Bertha said nothing, but she felt the force of the words. Did the Lord, then, love her personally? She did not have the same feeling for each one of her friends. She loved them all, but she loved each specially, too. Was that a faint image of the divine way? If the Lord loved individually, did he not train his children indivdually, too?

Bertha worked on. She had always enough to do, but as she worked to-day the beautiful thought of that divine, individual love grew in her soul and made her glad.

In the afternoon Bertha ran up the stairs to the young school-teacher's room to carry some lemons.

'Come in,' said a scarcely audible, hoarse voice, in response to Bertha's knock.

Even in the dim light of the room Bertha could note how white and despairing the face of the young school-teacher, Hortense Weaver, was.

'How is your throat to-day?' asked Bertha, kindly; but at the question Hortense's composure gave way. Even her hoarse, roughened voice forsook her. She could only sob silently. Bertha had never seen the girl so unnerved.

'Your throat hasn't had time to get rested, yet,' said Bertha, soothingly, 'You mustn't feel badly.'

'Oh!' returned Hortense disjointedly, speaking the words sometimes in a whisper and sometimes in a hoarse voice, so that Bertha understood her with difficulty, 'you —don't know—how hard it is! Aunt Lydia is so feeble that she can't do even her housework somethimes—and Uncle Walter can't —work much now, except to raise vegetables in the lot — and tend to things 'round the house when Aunt Lydia is sick. I had been teaching only a year. Last year I could pay Uncle's taxes on his little house — and I could get Aunt Lydia things she needed. Now—this year—what will they do? Oh, if I could only get my voice back! I hadn't been able to save only a little money, and I've been spending that trying to get well! Why do you suppose my voice was taken from me ? I never thought of losing it. Oh, it seems so hard! Teaching is the only thing I know how to do to earn anything! Oh, if I don't get my voice back what shall I do?'

Bertha hesitated, She knew that like herself, Hortense was a Christian. Yet Bertha hesitated. What could she say to this sobbing girl to whom all the future looked hedged up, whose plans in life might all be frustrated?

'I'm so sorry,' ventured Bertha. 'It must be hard to bear.'

Then Uncle Reagh's words about the personal love of our Lord for each one of His people came to Bertha's remembrance. Stumblingly, she tried to bring this comfort to the young teacher.

'It's what Uncle Reagh says,' explained Bertha, humbly. 'He says the Lord loves each one of us individually. That's the reason he leads each one of us differently.'

The young school-teacher did not lift her head, and Bertha, somewhat abashed, slipped out of the room. She was afraid Hortense Weaver would think her very presumptuous in making such remarks. Of course Hortense was better educated than Bertha. 'She knows so many things I don't,' thought Bertha. 'Of course she must have thought before about the Lord's loving her!'

Several weeks after this, Uncle Reagh came into the kitchen in search of his niece.

'Bertha,' he said, 'that young school-teacher wants to see you. She's going home to-day. She can't talk much better than she could when she first came here, but she says the doctor has given her a prescription to take with her, and nothing is going to benefit her voice as much as rest will.'

Bertha found Hortense with trunk already strapped.

'I wanted to say good-bye to you,' said Hortense, hoarsely, 'and I want to tell you something. I didn't see how my uncle and aunt were going to get along. I don't see yet, but it's better than it was. I had a letter from uncle. He says that he and aunt had been wondering what they could do, and now he believes the Lord has partly showed them. Uncle's house is so small he and aunt couldn't live in it and rent any part of it, too, but the lot is wide. Uncle was wishing he could afford to build a little house on the other side of the lot, and live in that, and rent the house they've been living in. Some way a carpenter found out uncle's idea. Uncle never thought of such a thing, but a holiday came and that carpenter had invited two dozen carpenters to a "carpenter bee!" They came to uncle's and worked all that

day, putting up the frame of a little three-room house, and boarding the frame in. It was so kind of them to do it all for nothing! The carpenters seemed to enjoy having their bee, and now uncle says that, little by little, he can finish the inside of the house himself. He and aunt will move in there, and they have the promise of a family who will move right into the house uncle has been living in, and will pay ten dollars a month rent. It isn't much, but ten dollars will be a help. Bertha, I'm going to help uncle finish off the inside of his new little house! I can drive nails and brads. I don't need any voice for that. The doctor says that the chief thing for my vocal cords is rest. He doesn't know when I'll get back my voice, but I can rest my throat at uncle's.'

Hortense hesitated.

'Bertha,' she added, gently, 'ever since you spoke to me that day I've been trying to take the comfort of your words. I had forgotten that the Lord really loves me individually! Everything seemed so hard, so cruelly hard! And then you said he loved me. Bertha, whether my voice ever comes back or not, I'm going to believe that the Lord is loving me just the same. I am going to believe he is leading me.'

'It's true,' said Bertha.

'Yes,' said Hortense, 'it is true.'

The expressman came for Hortense's trunk and the girls said good-bye.

Bertha looked after her departing friend. The words of the beloved disciple rose to her lips: '"And we have known and believed the love which God hath to us,"' she repeated, reverently.

May we not also take this comfort? Shall we let ourselves be stunned by life's blows, overwhelmed, deserted? Shall we not attempt to realize the fact that our Lord loves each of us individually? And since he loves, will he not lead us aright?—'Zion's Herald.'

Does It Pay?

'Won't you go, Irno?'

There was a tone of entreaty in the voice.

'No, Ken, I cannot go. I am not going to such parties any more. I do not think it right, and I wish you would not go.'

'Pshaw! What is the harm in a card party? There won't be any one there but people we know. If religion is going to take all the enjoyment out of my life, I don't want any. You used to be the jolliest girl I knew, and now look at you!'

'It is not that, Ken; it does not take away any real enjoyment. Oh, I wish you could understand!'

Her voice was trembling. All the time the tempter was whispering in her ear:

'You'd better go with him; you will lose your influence over him.'

But she put it aside, and her voice was firmer as she said:

'I have decided never to go anywhere I cannot ask Jesus to go with me.'

That seemed to settle it. The young man turned and left the room, saying as he did so: 'You are not very accommodating, to say the least!'

Tears filled the girl's eyes. Only a month since she had been converted. She had been so happy; and now it had caused the first hard words from this twin brother she could remember.'

They had always been so much to each other. Kennon often declared his sister was jollier than any boy he knew. He would rather go with her to a party or excursion than any one else. And now he had uttered words that would hurt for many a day.

Irno's had been a genuine conversion. She was done with the 'so-called questionable amusements.' There was no question in her mind as to the right and wrong of them. When her brother was gone the words she had read the day before came to her: 'Great temptations may never come to some of you. It will be the little things of everyday life that will try the mettle. It may be an unkind word from one from whom you least expect it.'

Those words must have been intended for her. At any rate, they were just what she needed to strengthen her. She had felt so strong, she was sure she could overcome great temptation. She had not thought about the little ones. Well, if that was to be her lot, with his help she would bear it bravely, and she brushed away the tears.

Kennon Wright was in no enviable frame of mind when he reached Mrs. Ansley's parlors. He knew he had been unjust to his sister; he knew she was the most accommodating girl in the world. He knew religion had not taken all the fun out of her, as he was pleased to style it. He remembered only the night before, when out on the ice, she had been the very life of the party.

His temper was not improved by the remark of a young lady as he took his seat near a group of young people:

'I suppose your sister thought herself too good to come to a card party?'

The remark caused a little ripple of amusement. Kennon's face flushed.

'My sister had a perfect right to do as she pleased in the matter.'

The tone of his voice more than the words made the young lady understand she had overstepped the bounds. Their hostess had observed the little scene.

'So that is the way the wind blows?' she thought to herself. 'It will never do to lose two of our most influential members.'

So she crossed over to Kennon's side, and endeavored by personal attention to make the evening pass pleasantly for him. But in spite of his efforts to appear gay, it was a failure. His sister's words: 'I have decided to go nowhere I cannot ask Jesus to go with me,' kept constantly in his mind. Some way the gay conversation, with never a thought of Jesus, fell like a weight on his spirits. Before the evening was over he excused himself to his hostess and went home.

Nearly six months passed, and it seemed to Irno she had lost all influence over her brother. She knew he was associating with young men he would not introduce to her. She had tried so often to win him away from them, and to-night, when she had asked him to accompany her to the Epworth League meeting, he had flatly refused. He was to meet some boys down town, and couldn't very well break his promise. At their last meeting they had each promised, now that the warm weather was coming on and so many were going away, they would make an extra effort to bring at least one person with them to the next meeting. Irno had so hoped she could induce Ken to go with her; surely she had prayed earnestly enough—and that was the way it ended. She felt very much like giving up and staying at home herself. But when the first bell began to ring, it infused her with fresh courage. She began her preparations to go.

The conversation of the young people reached their father as he sat in the adjoining room, busy with some accounts: It was Irno's earnest voice that sounded so much like her mother's voice, that had been silent six long years, which first attracted his attention. He heard his son refuse to go with his sister, then he heard him leave the house.

'The ungallant boy! If I had him back here I would teach him a lesson in politeness, at any rate. I will go in and offer to accompany her myself, as soon as I finish this account.'

Mr. Wright was a middle-aged man, genial and of fine appearance. He had been a Christian in his younger days, but had let the busy cares of life crowd religion out. He was an indulgent father, supplying his boy and girl with what they needed; or, rather, what they wanted; and so long as they were happy, he took no further trouble.

After leaving the house Kennon walked rapidly, as though trying to get away from himself. But there was a force at work he could not escape. He did not need to ask now, 'What is the harm in a card-party?' He had already seen its evil effects. He knew that some of the young men, who had learned to play in the same parlors as himself, were frequenting the worst gambling dens in the city. He felt its pernicious influence in his own life, drowning the nobler aspirations. Would he be man enough to break away from it before he was drawn into the terrible whirlpool? His genial disposition seemed a drawback; it was that which made him a favorite with all classes.

There was a look of worry on his handsome face. Suddenly his sister's face, with the look of disappointment that passed over it when he refused to go with her, came before him. He stopped abruptly.

'Kennon Wright, you are a brute!' Then, as if hesitating, he turned around. 'I'll do it! I will surprise her twice to-night!'

Kennon never did things by halves. His mind once settled, he retraced his steps as rapidly as he came.

Mr. Wright had finished his work, and had laid his book aside when he heard his son re-enter the room. Irno was putting on her hat when her brother came in.

'I've changed my mind, Irno. I came back to go with you.'

The girl's heart gave a bound.

'Thank you, Ken,' was all she could trust herself to say.

Mr. Wright heard the young people leave the house, then he turned to his books again. That voice had stirred the memories of other days. He seemed to hear his wife saying:

'I leave our children in your care, Herbert. Train them for the Lord!'

Had he been faithful to the trust? There was no more work for him that night. He arose, and taking his hat, started in the direction of the church.

Kennon and Irno had taken their seats; they did not see their father as he quietly seated himself near the door.

'I am glad to see so many visitors here to-night,' the leader said, after the opening of the service. 'Let us kneel in silent prayer, that their coming among us may prove a blessing to them.'

For a few moments silence reigned. Then short, earnest prayers followed each other until they went around the room. Then the bright, happy, testimonies, indicative of the fire that burned within. As soon as Kennon got a chance he was on his feet.

'I came here to-night intending to ask you to pray for me. You have already done that. When I came I was weighed down with the burden of sin; but the burden has been lifted, and from this on I want to be one of your number.'

Fervent 'amens,' and 'praise the Lord' were heard on every side. Irno slipped her hand into that of her brother when he sat down, and the silent pressure it received told her more than words could express.

Various expressions might have been seen to pass over the face of Mr. Wright while his son was speaking. He arose and went to the front of the room.

'I have been a silent observer of this meeting. I had no idea young people's meetings were like this; it makes me want to be one of you. I once enjoyed this religion, but I have let business crowd Jesus out. I suppose my name is here on the record; at any rate, the collector comes around once a quar-

ter. 'After this I intend to be in my place, and if the League wants any financial backing you know where to come.'

'It was your patient forbearance with my rudeness, Irno,' Kennon said, on the way home, 'that influenced me most. I said and did things purposely to vex you, and then I hated myself for doing so.'

When they reached home they were too busy with their own thoughts to talk much. Mr. Wright broke the silence:

'Get me a bible, Irno. If we are to have a new reign in this house it may as well begin to-night.'—'Epworth Herald.'

Bert's Mistake.

'Guess!'

'Guess what?' Tom asked, excitedly, for Bert had rushed into the house with the air of one who had a very important piece of news to tell.

'Why the best thing that could happen.'

'Oh, I know!' Tom cried, his eyes shining, 'Aunt Margie's coming! She said she would soon,' and taking Bert's smile for assent, he hurried upstairs to tell the good news to his sick mother. On the way he met Mary the servant girl, and told her. Next he stopped by grandma's door to let her know, and by the time he reached his mother's room he was so out of breath from hurry and excitement that he could only gasp, 'Aunt Margie—she's coming!'

'How do you know, and where is she?' cried Mrs. Williams.

'Why Bert saw her, and I suppose she's walking up the street this very minute.'

'Well, ask Mary to have some lunch prepared at once, for auntie must be hungry after her journey, and, Tom dear, wait a moment'—for the boy was starting towards the door in great haste—'bring her right up to me when she comes.'

How glad everybody was! Aunt Margie's visits were few and far between, for she lived many miles away, and her coming was quite an event in the family. Even Mary shared the general delight.

The minutes passed, and poor Mrs. Williams, lying upstairs on her bed, waited patiently for her sister's appearance. 'Why does she not come to me?' she asked herself again and again. She heard the outside door open and close, but no one came near her, and she was growing exceedingly nervous when steps sounded on the stairs, her own door opened and she looked up to see no one but Tom.

'Where's Aunt Margie?' she cried.

'I don't know,' Tom said in a disappointed tone. 'She didn't come yet, I watched and watched by the door, and I can't see anything of her.'

'Why didn't you ask Bert where he saw her?'

'I can't find Bert, either. He ran right off and hasn't been back since. I thought he'd gone to meet auntie. I'm afraid, now that he's just been fooling.'

Some hours afterwards the missing Bert appeared. Tom happened to be by the front gate, so was the first to see him.

'Where's Aunt Margie?' he demanded.

'I don't know,' carelessly answered Bert.

'Where did you see her?'

'I didn't see her.'

This time Bert laughed.

'But you said so.'

'I didn't. I said for you to guess something, and you guessed Aunt Margie. I didn't say yes.'

'You didn't say no, either, Bert Williams, and that was the same as saying yes,' Tom returned in an injured tone.

'No, it wasn't,' and Bert laughed heartily as he ran into the house.

In the sitting-room he met his father.

'Bert,' said Mr. Williams, 'I thought you always prided yourself on being a truthful boy.'

The smile faded from Bert's face, and he scarcely knew how to answer.

'You were untruthful this afternoon.'

'I didn't say that Aunt Margie was coming.'

'But you let Tom believe it. Besides your words implied that something wonderful had happened. Is that your idea of truth?'

'It was only a joke,' Bert said, meekly.

'A joke! and for the sake of a joke you acted deceitfully, you disappointed the whole family, you made Mary stop her work and begin to prepare a lunch that was not needed, you caused your sick mother so to excite herself that her fever has returned—'

Bert started.

'No, and I am sure you would have refrained if you had thought of such a consequence. But, leaving your mother out of the question, do you think it is worth while to stoop to deceit at any time for the sake of a joke? Do you believe it is worth while to lower yourself by acting deceitfully under any circumstances?'

'I didn't think before.'

'But now, my boy, you see your mistake?'

'Yes, sir, I do,' Bert answered, earnestly.

—S. Jennie Smith, in N.Y. 'Observer.'

Growing Quiet.

Oh, the worry and the bustle,
And the tumult of the day;
Oh, the eager strife of people,
And the myriad words they say!
In the rush and competition,
There is little time to heed,
The soft whispers of the Master,
That would meet people's need;
But sometimes there is a respite,
And they hear him say at length,
'In quietness and confidence,
Shall be your strength.'

Strangely falls such mystic teaching,
On the panting hearts of men;
They but rest them from the struggle,
To begin with might again;
Every moment bids them hurry,
And at noon they fill the street,
With their crowding, and the clatter,
Of a thousand hastening feet;
Will they ever cease the tumult?
Will they understand at length,
That in quietness and confidence,
Shall be their strength'?

Who can stay to-day in quiet,
'Mid the whirl and all the rush?
Only they who in the presence,
Of their Father find a hush:
They who know that he abideth,
In the deep unbroken calm,
And that he can teach his children,
How to sing a restful psalm,
They are glad for they are quiet,
And they come to know at length,
That in quietness and confidence,
Shall be their strength.

It were good to learn the lesson,
Of contentment and of peace:
For although the hands were busy,
All the restless strife would cease;
Father, teach it to thy children,
Give us perfect trust in thee,
Then alone amid the tumult,
Can our hearts reposeful be;
All the worry will be over,
When we understand at length,
How in quietness and confidence,
Shall be our strength.

—Marianne Farningham, in London 'Christian World.'

Out Of Galilee.

(By M. Mullin.)

A few fond friends with One on board,
Their own as well as nature's Lord,
Set out to sail, that so they might
Cross o'er the lake and rest that night,
And he who'd spent a busy day,
Asleep upon a pillow lay,
When winds arose, clouds lowered fast,
Till, terror-stricken, they at last
Awake their Master, and he saves,
Although their ship is drowned in waves.
Methinks I see his hand arise,
As, looking up to sombre skies,
He says so gently, "Peace, be still."
And in a twinkling, at his will,
A great calm spreads o'er everywhere,
And wrapped in wonder, now they stare
To see that he who with them trod,
Is more than human—he is God.
Their Saviour turned to question why
They could have feared when he was nigh.

* * *

Now on Life's troubled sea we're tossed;
With him on board, can we be lost?
—'Forward.'

Correspondence

January is past, but the letters we received for that month were so numerous that we shall take another week or two to print them. We have enjoyed these letters from our little friends, and hope to continue to receive them.

For the best letter received in February we will give a copy of 'Reprinted Stories from the "Messenger."' This is a large paper-covered book full of interesting stories and pictures.

We hope to announce next week the prize winner for January. Also to announce a Competition for those of our readers who are over fifteen years of age. Be on the lookout for it.

Address all letters to 'Correspondence, Northern Messenger, Montreal.' Be sure to write on one side of the paper only, and write as neatly as you can. Use the ordinary size of note paper or foolscap. Write your full name and age very distinctly.

We want to hear from more of our young friends who are interested in Missions. In March we will offer a missionary book as a prize for the best letter on this subject. Write about your Mission Band or Society, or about some missionary meeting you have attended, or some missionary you have seen and heard. Or write about some missionary book you have read, tell what the missionary did, and what you most admired about him.

We have an extremely interesting letter from 'Daisy' this week. We are rather sorry that such a delightful society had to be discontinued. We hope it will soon start up again, and that some other little folks will take pattern by it. There is a great deal of need for the kind of work of sending good papers to those who have none. 'Daisy' would like to have the name of some lonely child in the North-West to whom they could send papers. Perhaps 'Elsie,' the busy little woman who writes from Manitoba, might know of some such child. If 'Elsie' does, she may send the name and address to us, and we will see that it is forwarded to 'Daisy' and her society.

'Roy' writes very well for a first attempt at letter writing. His sister, 'Effie,' tells of a 'bee-tree' containing six feet of honey!

How some of our little folks would open their eyes to see so much sweetness! Does 'Effie' know that they could get a club of ten 'Messengers' (probably enough papers for the new Sunday-school) for only two dollars? The 'Messenger' contains helps, and illustrations of the Sunday School lesson every week. 'Calvin' sends us a vivid description of his visit to Grandpapa and the uncles and aunties and cousins in the Eastern Townships. He must have enjoyed it very much. 'C. H. L.' is a Canadian who lives now in the 'Old Pine Tree State.' He enjoys travelling and has seen quite a little. 'Frank' lives on Manitoulin Island.

West Baldwin, Me.

Dear Editor,—I have been much interested in correspondence department of your excellent little paper, the pages of which we carefully peruse, and as a proof of our high appreciation of the same my father (who is a minister) has so far secured thirty new subscribers for the current year.

We mean to do our best in getting more.

I have been thinking perhaps a little of my history and travels would be of more interest to many who may read this than to refer particularly to my pets, although perhaps one of them is worthy of special notice, and that is my beautiful dark brown pony. To my mind, nothing is too good to say of kind, gentle, obedient Sally.

Some time I may write more about her.

I was born in St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, Feb. 22, 1883. From there with my parents I removed to Toronto, the Queen city of the west, and spent four very happy years. Leaving Toronto on our way to Prince Edward Island, we made a short stay in Montreal, visiting the principal places of interest, not the least of which was your publishing house.

While in Prince Edward Island, my father was called to New Sharon, Me., where four more years passed pleasantly away.

The past three years we have been residing in West Baldwin under the shadow of Old Mount Saddleback.

Two vacations with my parents, brother Robbie and sister Hazel have been spent at Old Orchard, one of the grandest beaches on the Atlantic coast, and two in Boston, where I had the pleasure of visiting the Zoo, Natural History Rooms, Bunker Hill Monument, and other places of interest too numerous to mention.

C. H. L.

Coleman, Mich.

Dear Editor,—We live in the woods, and I have to walk two miles to school. One night as I was coming home from school with my sister, we saw four coons running across the road, two ran into the woods and I chased the other two and they ran up a tree. I took a long pole and tried to knock them down, but they jumped and ran so fast they were soon out of sight.

We have a good dog, his name is Don, he is good to bring the cows, he likes to hunt, too. He went with my brother to the woods the other day, my brother saw a fox and shot at it, the dog also saw it and ran after and held it, until my brother came up and killed it. When told to speak he will bark. He will roll over and hold up his paw when I say to shake hands. I am nine years old. Yours truly.

ROY.

Coleman, Mich.

Dear Editor,—As my little brother is writing to you I thought I would write you a few lines, he is much pleased with your invitation to the little folks to write. It is the first time he has ever written a letter. My mother has taken the 'Witness' for twenty years, and I take the 'Messenger,' and like them both very much, especially the 'Boys' Page' of the 'Witness.'

We have lately moved into a new settlement, and some of the neighbors have started a Sunday-school. Of course it is only in a private house, (as there is no schoolhouse within two miles, and no church within five miles), but I think it is very nice. There are about twenty scholars present every Sunday, and there is enough collection taken up to get plenty of quarterlies. We have no library, as yet, and no papers, but some which are left over from other schools, and which are kindly given us, and when I get through with my 'Messengers' I take them over.

Father has just brought up a bee-tree, he says there is about six feet of honey in it and a big swarm of bees.

My best pets are my books and my 'Messenger.' Respectfully,

EFFIE.

Age thirteen years.

Mindemoya.

Dear Editor,—I will tell about the Mindemoya Lake, beside which I live, and also about the Manitoulin Island on which I live. There are five or six ports on the island, but the three principal ones are all about thirty miles distant from here.

In nearly all the swamps people are taking out ties, saw-logs, posts, etc.

FRANK.

Franktown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and it has been in grandpapa's family for thirty years, and we all like it very much, indeed. In the summer vacation my papa and mamma, my brother and myself, went down to the station and got on to the train, and went down to Smith's Falls, where we had to stay two hours. Then we got on a train and came to Montreal Junction, where the lamps were lit. Then we went on to Montreal, where we had to change trains. So we got into the Halifax express, but we found out that we were on the wrong train. So we got out and got on the Boston express, but it was dark and we couldn't see anything until we got to Cowansville, at ten o'clock. So we got into a cab and went to my uncle's. We remained there over night, and next day at noon we arrived at my grandpapa's, where we remained over a week. Then, the next week my uncle drove us over the mountains to Lake Memphremagog, where we visited two or three days. Then we went up the lake to Newport, Vt., on the beautiful steamboat named 'The Lady of the Lake.' Then at Newport we took a train and went to Beebe Plain, where we had a very pleasant time. Where we went fishing and bathing, and played ball, etc. Then we returned home after three weeks' visit in the Eastern Townships, where I spent three of the happiest weeks of my life. (I am eight years old.)

Your little reader,

CALVIN.

Dear Editor, — We have taken the 'Northern Messenger,' in our family ever since I can remember anything about papers; and have obtained subscribers for it also. One day last year, while I was reading in the 'Home Department' of the 'Daily Witness,' I saw an appeal from Mrs. Hodgson, Grassmere, Ont., for papers, to be sent to the lumber camp at Antioch post-office, Ont., so I fixed up a small package, and sent it. Then I told a boy that I know, and he sent some also.

So we decided to form ourselves into a society, for the purpose of sending papers to such places, we constituted the children of three homes—ten in all. A president, two vice-presidents, a treasurer and a secretary, which was myself, were appointed.

We held a meeting every Friday evening, and each of the stories that were in the 'Northern Messenger,' were read by the members in turn. The treasurer's report, the president's address, and the minutes of the previous meeting, read by the secretary, did not take up very much time, so that almost all the stories contained in that week's 'Messenger' were read. A small fee was charged every month to pay the postage, and every week—when we had enough papers, a package was prepared, and sent to the post-office the next morning.

We sent all these papers to Mr. William M. Geddes, Mushaboon School, Spry Bay, N.S., as we saw he wanted some, and after a few weeks we received a very, very interesting letter from Mr. Geddes.

Once a month we held a temperance meeting, at which only temperance stories were read. At every meeting one of the members was appointed to write a paper on a certain subject.

Then every month we printed, by hand, a paper,—which I must say was a very hard job.

When we received the letter from Mr. Geddes, he said that they had received enough papers, and as we could not find any other place, where papers were needed, we had to discontinue our meetings, with a balance of twenty-three cents in the treasury, but I think we will commence again soon.

We thought that it was a nice plan to obtain the name of some lonely North-Western child, to which we would send a paper, every week, and write letters, but, as we could not obtain a name, we had to give up the idea.

I am not a member of the Mission Band, as 'Mission Girl' is, but I take an interest in missions, and I am a member of the W. F. M. S., and have attended the meetings of that society, ever since I passed the public school leaving examination, when I was twelve years of age.

I have read the 'Life of John G. Paton, D.D.,' and have seen him, I have read other memoirs of missionaries, but I like Dr. Paton's book best.

The Rev. Norman Russell, from India, is going to lecture in our church next month, and if nothing happens I will go to hear him.

We were pleased to see in a late issue of the 'Messenger, a picture of Dunbarton Castle, at which town my father was born, and spent the first eleven years of his life, and often played around the castle.

Wishing the 'Northern Messenger,' a prosperous year; and hoping my letter is not too long, I remain, a faithful reader,

DAISY.

Griswold, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have no pets to tell about because I do not like them, and, therefore, do not keep them.

I am housekeeper now mamma is away visiting in Ontario. Perhaps you would like to hear about how I get along. We live on a farm about a mile from town. It is near enough for a pleasant walk on a summer's morning.

I bake bread, cakes and the like, I do the washing, ironing, churning and other necessary work to be done on a farm. But I always find time to read the 'Messenger.'

How would the girl readers of the 'Messenger' like to be in my place? I always thought the country was the nicest place to live in, and I think so yet.

Perhaps another time I might write and tell you what the country looks like in summer.

Wishing you the best success, I am your thirteen year old friend.

ELSIE.

LITTLE FOLKS

Chin Wan Loo.

Poor little Chin Wan Loo! Daily his cheeks that had been so round and plump grew thinner and paler, and his merry almond-shaped eyes grew dull and sad. Day by day his portion of rice and soup had grown less and less, and little Chin Wan Loo was slowly starving.

There had been no rain for a long while. The streams had dried up, the crops had failed, and nobody had enough to eat.

'We must go to the temple,' said Chin Wan Loo's father, 'and pray for rain.'

So to the temple they went — Chin Wan's father, his uncle and his oldest brother, with two or three of their neighbors; and Chin Wan went with them, for he wanted rain and rice as much as anybody.

They carried incense, and joss-sticks, to burn before the idol; and bowing, kneeling, and wringing their hands, they entreated their joss to send the needed showers.

But what could a block of wood or stone like that do? It is God only that can give rain upon the earth, and make the grass and trees, the corn and rice, grow for our use.

Chin Wan did not know that; he had never heard of such a God as ours. So he prayed very earnestly to the idol in the temple, and then went home again with his friends, all hoping their prayers might be answered.

But the supply of food grew smaller every day.

Chin Wan's father sold their clothes, their mats, their dishes, and finally the roof of their house and the walls as well, to buy more. And precious little could he buy, even then; for food was so scarce everywhere about them that the price of it was very, very high.

Mrs. Loo gathered up the parched leaves and grass, and tried to make bread or porridge of them; and it would make your heart ache to know how much worse things than that the family ate.

Chin Wan's baby sister died, and his little brother, and his uncle's wife, and his cousin that he used to play with.

One day Mr. Loo heard a few of his neighbors tell of some who had gone away to a distant province, where there was more to eat.

'We shall all die if we stay here,' said Mr. Loo. 'It is a very long way, but we, too, must go.'

Oh! you little boys and girls who sometimes come in from your play exclaiming, 'I'm about starved,' or 'I'm tired almost to death,' little do you know what those words really mean.

Chin Wan knew, when, with nothing that you would call food, to give him strength, he staggered along those many weary miles.

Mrs. Loo and Chin Wan's oldest brother dropped and died by the

PRAYING TO THE IDOL.

way; and of all their little family it was only Mr. Loo and Chin Wan that at last reached a town where they could have food given them --not in plenty, but just barely enough to meet their needs.

Chin Wan had a great many trials, but a very blessed thing happened to him at the place where he went. He heard about the God who only controls the wind and the clouds, who only answers prayer, and gives us better than bread for the body, even the precious bread of life. Will you not pray for all Chin Wan's Chinese brothers and sisters, that they may all have the bread of life.—'Mission Dayspring.'

The Two Pledges.

Little Dennie was the only son of a clergyman who, some years since, lived on the shore of Lake George. This was before the commencement of the temperance reformation, when every family kept intoxicating liquors constantly on hand, and used them as an occasional, if not daily, beverage. Taught by the example of the father and his guests, the little boy contracted a love for strong drinks that gave his parents most painful apprehensions on his account, and was the subject of their frequent but unavailing remonstrance. At length, at a barn-raising, he had been permitted to attend, and where he had free access to a keg of liquor, he became dead drunk, and was laid upon a board under a tree. The rest of the story we copy in the language of the author:

'About 4 o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child; they pointed him to the place where he lay. With heart full of sorrow, he carried him home to his mother and his sisters. Together his parents watched beside his bed during the tedious night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful stupor would result in his death; but fully resolved, if he lived, not to leave untried any effort that might promise to save him.

'It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to perfect consciousness. His parents thought it best not to speak to him of the cause of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do him much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptoms of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

'About a week after the event just related, his father invited him one pleasant morning to take a walk. Their road lay along the shore of the lake, and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked along in silence.

'"Dennie," said he, do you know what made you sick the other day?"

'"Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he artlessly replied.

'"Well, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

'"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I am not afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard; and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me to drink, then I can keep from being drunk, too."

'They both seated themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance; then tak-

ing a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had long desired to call his own he said, "Dennie, if you promise me that you will never drink any more rum, I will give you this gold watch. Will you do it?"

'Rising from his seat, he replied: "I will tell you, father, what I will do. If it is wrong for me to drink it is wrong for you, and if you stop drinking I will."

'Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them, his father would not have been more startled. "How could he preach or perform the laborious duties of a pastor without his daily glass of bitters? How could he get up in a cold winter's night and go to pray by the bed of some dying parishioner, without a glass of something to prevent him from taking cold? How could he attend the various ecclesiastical meetings of the church without something to help him bear the fatigue of the journey? The sacrifice in his idea was great, but the welfare of his child demanded it. And summoning all his resolution, with a faltering voice, he replied: "I will do it, my son." And thus they pledged themselves to total abstinence there, the lake, the trees and the pure blue sky being their only witnesses, save only the Holy Being who is everywhere. As they retraced their steps, his father, taking the little watch from his pocket, gave it to Dennie, and said: "My son, you have long wished that I would give you this watch. It's now yours as long as you keep your promise. Should that ever be broken, I shall expect you to return it to me; till then, let it be a token to you of this promise we have now made."

'Years have passed, and the same little Dennie is now a distinguished clergyman in one of the most populous Western cities. Four bright little boys called him father. The same little gold watch decorates his parlor wall, and often does he point to it and tell of his danger and his escape from the whirlpool of Intemperance.'—'Temperance Truths.'

Making Trouble For Others.

Little selfishnesses are the dead flies that Solomon says spoil the apothecary's ointment. They are like harsh notes which make discord in the sweet melody. Usually these little selfishnesses come from thoughtlessness.

When Frank comes in from school he flings his books on the sitting-room table, because he is in such a hurry to get his lunch before going out with the boys.

Mary plays tennis all afternoon, and stays on the grounds so late that she only reaches the porch when the tea-bell rings, She leaves her racket on the porch chair for someone else to put away, while she hurries in to the table.

Dick's muddy overshoes are left at the door, Florence's best gloves are tossed on the mantel and forgotten, and even grave and dignified father sometimes drops his paper on the floor when he leaves the breakfast table.

They all go their separate ways, forgetting meanwhile that someone else, some one whose back is just as easily tired as theirs,—and what a pity it's almost always the mother!—must trot around after them and put these things in place.

These careless folks do not realize how much trouble and work they give to other people. It would seem that their main maxim in life is to 'take care of number one'; certainly many of their actions could not be proved by the Golden Rule. —'Bright Jewels.'

Only a Pin.

'Only two or three days ago an overseer in an English mill found a pin which cost the company nearly a hundred pounds.'

'Was it stolen?' asked Susie. 'I suppose it must have been a very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?'

'Oh, no, my dear! not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress.'

'Such a pin as that cost nearly a hundred pounds!' exclaimed John. 'I don't believe it.'

'But mamma says it is a true story,' interposed Susie.

'Yes, I know it to be true. And this is the way the pin happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed and dried are smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little from the surface.

'Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound, and so on until a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now, in every piece there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards, and at ninepence a yard that would count up to about one hundred and eighty pounds.

'Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at about half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.

'Now it seems to me that when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind and disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its mark upon everybody with whom they come in contact.

'That pin damaged irreparably 4,000 yards of new print, but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember, "one sinner destroyeth much good;" therefore, avoid evil companions.'—'Church Echo.'

Fight the Good Fight.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right:
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face:
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
His boundless mercy will provide:
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.
—'Waif.'

Temperance Catechism.

THE BAND OF HOPE.

[Introduction.]

1. When a number of persons meet together for any purpose, they are called a band, or society.

2. If they meet to learn to sew or draw, it would be called a sewing band, or drawing band or society.

3. Our band or society is not started to learn to sew or draw, or anything of that sort, but to learn to avoid evil.

4. Many persons grow up without ever learning to know good from evil, and so are apt to be injured or destroyed by the evil.

5. Our band is called the 'Band of Hope,' because people have such high hopes of those who belong to it.

6. There are three great evils in the world which members of the Band of Hope are to learn to keep from; these are intemperance, tobacco and swearing.

7. Its members also try to persuade others to join them, so that there will be few persons left to lead anyone wrong, or to go wrong themselves.

8. Everyone who joins the Band of Hope signs a pledge not to drink intoxicating liquor, or use tobacco or profane language.

QUESTIONS.

1. When a number of persons meet together regularly for any purpose, what is such a meeting called?

2. If they meet to draw or sew, what would it be called?

3. For what is our band started?

4. What is true of persons who grow up without learning good from evil?

5. What is our band called, and why was it given this name?

6. What are the three great evils from which the members of the Band of Hope are to keep?

7. What else do its members try to do?

8. What pledge does every one sign who joins the Band of Hope?

TRUTH.

Our band is to learn to know good from evil.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Teach me thy way, O Lord—Psa. xxvii., 11. —'Cook's Manual.'

Our Teddy.

Teddy is our donkey. He is very grave and grey now, because he is ever so old, older than I am, and I shall soon be old enough to leave school; but he was young once, and about the liveliest and prettiest of all young donkeys I ever saw.

Teddy belongs to Bobby and me, our very own, being a present from Uncle John, the dearest of all uncles, as everybody knows.

When very little children we were rather delicate, and the doctor said to mamma, 'They want plenty of fresh air, but are not strong enough at present to run about much. Get 'em a donkey, with a pair of panniers, and let 'em go jolting about the country. That'll do 'em more good than physic.' I have always thought our doctor a very wise man, for Bobby and I never could like horrid physic, but we have always loved our Teddy. Aunt Mary was with us on a visit at the time and heard what the doctor said, and asked him if he didn't think a little port wine would do good. Mamma said the doctor turned upon her quite rudely:

'Bosh, madam! Unmitigated bosh! They are too delicate to be dosed with alcohol. If they were strong children, and their mother fool enough to give them port wine, it would not be my business to interfere, but as they are not strong I strictly forbid port wine or anything of the kind.'

'I always thought port wine was taken to make people strong,' spoke up auntie, rather resentfully, 'I am so weak and sinking at times that I do not know what I should do without it. What do you say to that, doctor?'

'Well, madam, considering you continue weak and sinking in spite of the port wine, I should say, try some other remedy. Try what fresh air will do; lead the donkey for the children; walk about with them until you are tired. I venture to say that at the end of six months you will be another woman. I wish you good morning, madam.'

'What a savage your doctor is, Maria,' said auntie, after the doctor had gone.

'He is rather outspoken,' laughed mamma, 'but you had better try his prescription.'

Of course I don't remember all this by myself, but I have often heard mamma speak of it, and that enables me to write what I am now doing.

When dear Uncle John heard about the donkey, he said it was the very thing, and we should have one if he had to sell his best coat.

Perhaps I should not remember so clearly about Teddy but for an accident that greatly impressed his personality upon our minds. I was at the time a little over three years of age, Bobby being about a year younger. Teddy had been with us some few months. The accident happened through a weak ambition of his to keep up with any horses being ridden or driven along the road when we were being taken out. One day we had gone some two or three miles into the country where we knew there would be a quantity of cow-slips growing by the roadside. Coming to the place we left Teddy in charge of the boy, and began picking the cowslips, of which there was an abundance by the roadside and in an adjoining field. We picked our pinafores quite full, and then took our seats again in the panniers, and tried to make cowslip balls, Teddy at the same time amusing himself by cropping the grass, an employment of which he never seemed tired, while the boy went looking for birds' nests. He did not fasten us with the straps, either through forgetfulness or thinking under the circumstances it was unnecessary to do so. All went well until a pony and trap came along, driven by two gentlemen, when no sooner did they pass us than Teddy started off after them at a good trot, which soon became a gallop. Bobby roared at the top of his voice, and I screamed, while we both clung to the panniers with all our might. Away went our cowslips flying into the road, and the boy came running after us, shouting for the donkey to stop. But it was of no use, Teddy showing a determination to keep up, for which spirit we certainly should have commended him had it not been for the awful jolting and danger we were in. We held firmly to our seats for some time, but coming to a small stream which ran across the road from a little spring, Teddy, having a strong objection to wetting his feet, must needs attempt a flying leap. This sudden jerk was too much for our strength, and we lost our hold, the result being that while Bobby shot out of his basket on the one side I was shot out of mine on the other, and we both had a roll in the dust. The gentlemen immediately jumped from their trap and came to our help. Fortunately we were neither of us seriously hurt, only rather frightened and somewhat shaken, that was all; so being safely fastened in our panniers we were soon on our way home again. When Uncle John heard of our accident he laughed, and said it reminded him of a story he once heard. An Irishman returning from market with a lot of fish in his panniers was seen lashing his donkey and galloping by the side of two gentlemen who were riding horses. The fish were being jolted out of the panniers, and someone cried out to him to stop or he would lose all his fish. 'Hurrah!' cried Pat, 'and bother take ye! What do I care, so long as I keep up with the gintlemen!' Then Uncle John told us that people often get into trouble and suffer loss through wanting to keep up with other people, and he preached about 'keeping up appearances,' but I forget the preaching.

I am quite sure it is a mistake to suppose that donkeys are always stupid. I believe they are among the most clever of our domestic animals, and only stupid when they are beaten and otherwise illused. We have always treated Teddy kindly, and he is wonderfully clever. You should see him shake any rider off his back he doesn't approve of. I shall never forget how he threw our abominably conceited cousin Hubert into a bed of stinging nettles. Then out of revenge Hubert set his dog, Tinker, at him, but Teddy gave the dog a kick in the stomach, and then picked up the little cur with his teeth and dropped him into a brook. Teddy always knew how to defend himself.

I am sorry to say that our Teddy sometimes shows his cleverness in doing what he ought not to do. In fact, he is very clever at stealing. You know, Bobby keeps rabbits, and the oats he feeds them with are stored in a little house, the door being fastened by staple and hasp and a peg of wood instead of a padlock. Bobby was certain someone stole his oats, but was unable to detect the thief until one day we happened to see Teddy walk up to the door of the storehouse, take out the peg with his teeth, open the door, enter and take his feed of oats; then come out again, fastening the door behind him.

'So that is where my oats go!' exclaimed Bobby, very cross and yet unable to keep from laughing. 'The thieving old rascal! What is to be done with him, Biddy?'

'Give him the Ten Commandments,' said I, not knowing what else to recommend.

'Or get Uncle John to come and preach to him,' said Bobby. 'I think a padlock will be best.'

What vexed and troubled us most was the disgraceful conduct on the part of Teddy, which had no redeeming feature of cleverness. He actually took to drinking beer when one would have thought him old enough to know better. He acquired the bad habit while we were away from home one summer at the seaside. The day after we returned we had Teddy saddled and went out for a ride; we always rode in turns. To our astonishment, when we came opposite a roadside inn Teddy wouldn't pass it. I was riding at the time, Bobby walking by my side.

'Let me ride,' said Bobby; so I got off, but he was more stubborn than ever and refused to move an inch. There were two or three men outside the public-house drinking beer from a large cup, and they stood there laughing at us.

'I think I can manage him, miss,' said one of the men, and he came up and offered him a glass of beer. Teddy drank it, and actually wanted more! 'That's how 'tis with donkeys, miss,' laughed the man; 'they never know when they have had enough.'

We learned that during our absence these men had forced Teddy to swallow some beer on three or four occasions. He resisted at first, but gradually came to like the stuff, until at length he would not pass the public-house without it.

Bobby and I were dreadfully grieved about Teddy, and although we cried a deal we could not at times help laughing; there was something so comical in the affair.

'I cannot think how Teddy came to be led away by those silly men,' said I.

'He acted, I suppose, like any other donkey,' replied Bobby.

'What is to be done about it?' said I.

'Better bring the matter before Uncle John,' was the reply.

When we came home from our ride who should we find there but Uncle John, so we at once placed the whole matter before him. He looked very grave, but I am sure there was a laugh in his eye, and I don't think he was altogether serious in his preachment.

'The history of Teddy's defection,' said he, 'is very much the history of all drinking cases among donkeys, human and otherwise. The taste for strong drink is an acquired one, but once acquired, the taste increases until a habit is formed most difficult to break off.'

'What are we to do about Teddy, Uncle John?' asked Bobby, interrupting, for he was rather impatient of the preachments.

'Ah! that's the question, Bobby. It is evident something must be done; otherwise Teddy will be ruined. Suppose you try moral suasion and get him to sign the pledge.'

'Why, Uncle John!' I exclaimed. 'How is it possible to persuade a donkey to sign the pledge.?'

'That, indeed, my dear, is our difficulty with all donkeys; they are not open to persuasion. You cannot reason with them, and consequently, however reasonable the pledge may be when dealing with reasonable beings, it is useless when dealing with donkeys.'

'But what is to be done about Teddy?' again asked Bobby.

'Prohibition, Bobby, total and imperial. That appears to be the only efficient or even possible remedy as far as donkeys are concerned.'

Well, we adopted total prohibition in our treatment of Teddy; the drink is kept from him, and he is kept from the drink. He may perhaps want it at times, but he won't have it, and, with kindness, patience, and time, we hope to cure even the desire. We love our Teddy with all his faults, and I suppose in taking to drink he simply acted like a donkey.—'Temperance Record.'

LESSON IX. — FEB. 27.

Warning and Invitation.

Matt. xi., 20-30. Memory verses, 28-30. Read the whole chapter.

Golden Text.

'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' (Matt. xi., 28.)

Home Readings.

M. Matt. x., 1-15.—The twelve sent forth.
T. Matt. x., 16-27.—'What I tell you . . that speak.'
W. Matt. x., 28-11: 1.—'He that receiveth you receiveth me.'
Th. Luke x., 1-20.—The seventy sent forth.
F. Rom. x., 1-18.—'How shall they hear without a preacher.'
S. John xv., 1-27.—'Go and bring forth fruit.'
S. I. Cor. i., 1-31.—'Christ sent me . . . . to preach the gospel.'

Lesson Story.

Jesus Christ had done many mighty works, miracles of all kinds, in the regions of Galilee, and had been met with the most astonishing unbelief. The hardness of heart of those who could see the wondrous miracles and hear the gracious words of him 'who spake as never man spake,' and yet remain callous and unmoved, is almost beyond imagination. Our Lord pronounced a doom upon those Jewish cities which had so rejected him. 'If the mighty works which those cities had seen unmoved, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, heathen cities, these would long ago have repented of their great wickedness.' Therefore Tyre and Sidon, typical heathen cities, should receive a lighter judgment than those cities which have more light and refuse to follow it. Privilege brings responsibility. There is a poor black man dying in Africa to-day. He has lived a very wicked life, but he never even heard about Jesus and his love. He will have to receive punishment for his sin, but his punishment will be much lighter than yours, if, after reading this paper, and receiving Christ's invitation, 'Come unto me,' you turn away from Christ and live a life of disobedience to God, no matter how good and moral your outward life may appear.

Then Jesus thanked God, our Father, the Lord of heaven and earth, from whom comes all strength and comfort, that the deepest wisdom was hidden from the prudent and wise in their own conceits, but revealed to the simple-hearted seekers. The Father has revealed all things to the Son, in him we find perfect knowledge. Jesus bids all men come unto him, those who are weary of their own strivings after goodness can come and rest in his perfect holiness. Those that work hard to set things right, must meekly learn to rest in Jesus that he may work through them.

Lesson Hymn.

'Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed,
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which can not cease.

'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

REV. WM. C. DIX.

Lesson Hints.

'Upbraid'—to rebuke and warn. Christ's proclamations hitherto had been only those of mercy and entreaty. In his yearning love for the people he now warns them of their fate if they continue to reject his mercy.

'Chorazin! Bethsaida!' — these cities are mentioned to denote the whole region in which they lay, on the northern shores of the Sea of Galilee.

'Tyre and Sidon' — cities on the coast of Phoenicia. It is a remarkable fact that from these very heathen cities our Lord afterward received proof of the greatest faith and importunity, (Matt. xv., 21-28.)

'Sodom'—a city so wicked that God had to destroy it with all its inhabitants. (Gen. xix.) The cities of Capernaum, Chorazin and Bethsaida have been blotted out so completely that no one can tell exactly where they used to be.

'At that time'—in the midst of his grief he looked up to God.

'Hid these things'—it is difficult for a man to learn anything if he thinks he knows it all before hand. A basket can not hold food when it is filled with chips. 'Revealed them unto babes' — God wants open hearts into which to pour his truth and love. Most hearts are so filled with self that there is very little room for God. God can make us all 'babes' if we ask him. Every one has an equal chance of heaven if they will but come unto Jesus and obedien[illegible] follow him in meekness.

'Yoke'—when two oxen are yoked together they must be of the same disposition and keep step with each other, or else the yoke galls and wearies them. We must keep step with Jesus and be of his mind.

'Rest'—perfect rest and peace can be found nowhere but in Jesus.

Primary Lesson.

Do you know what it is to be really tired? Perhaps you are often very tired at bedtime and very thankful to be able to lie down and rest in your dear little bed.

Perhaps you are still small enough to run to mother and climb up in her lap when you are tired. How her loving arms rest you! You feel so safe and happy in mother's arms. But supposing you were filled with an idea that you had to take care of yourself all the time. Suppose you were afraid mother would not hold you safely, or that your bed might break down under you, could you rest? Of course not, you have to trust yourself to mother when you lie in her arms or else you can not rest. You must trust yourself to God just in the same way.

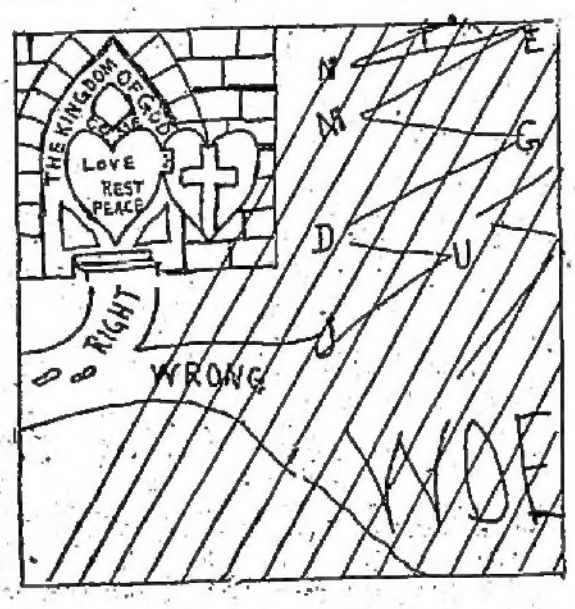
But sometimes beds do break down underneath people, and sometimes mother's arms are not strong enough to hold her child. Yes, but God is strong. God's arms are everlasting love, they can not break nor fail. That is why Jesus tells us to rest in him. In no other way can we find perfect rest for our hearts and minds, but in trusting in Jesus moment by moment.

Suggested Hymns.

'O word of words the sweetest,' 'I heard the voice of Jesus,' 'Come unto me, ye weary,' 'Come to the Saviour,' 'I am coming, Lord, to thee,' 'Just as I am, without one plea.'

The Lesson Illustrated.

Here we have the paths of right and wrong, with the foot-prints at the parting of the ways. May the wanderer follow the right path to Christ, the open door into the kingdom of God, wherein are love, joy, rest



unspeakable and shelter from the storm of judgment pronounced upon all who follow the path of wrong to its inevitable end in woe.

Practical Points.

FEB. 27.—Matt. xi., 20-30.

A. H. CAMERON.

Verses 21 and 23 teach us that great privileges always incur great responsibilities. Yet many fail to appreciate these privileges because of their abundance. The question that we should answer is not, "will the heathen who have never heard of Christ be saved?' but rather,'shall we be saved if we refuse to send them the gospel?' Verses 22, 24. God's sovereignty never clashes with man's responsibility. Both truths are clearly taught in scripture. Verses 25-27: also Isaiah 45: 22. None but the weary need rest, and no others will seek for it. Verse 28. Our Lord's yoke is felt to be light when we learn from him the loveliness of his character. There is no real rest for the believer who is not engaged in Christian work. Verses 29 and 30.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Feb. 20.—Every Christian a missionary.—Acts i., 1-11.

Give Thyself.

A missionary was preaching to the Maori tribe of New Zealanders. He had been telling them of the sufferings of Christ—how he had poured forth his soul unto death for them; and as he concluded the hills rang to the thrilling question, 'Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by? Behold and see if there is any sorrow like unto his sorrow!' Then stood forth a plumed and painted chief, the scarred warrior of many fights, and as his lips quivered with emotion, he spoke:

'And did the Son of the Highest suffer this for us men? Then the chief would like to offer him some poor return for his great love. Would the Son of God like to accept the chief's hunting dog? Swift of foot and keen of scent, the tribe has not such another, and he has been to the chief as a friend.'

But the missionary told him that the Son of God had no need of such gifts. Thinking he had mistaken the gift, he resumed: 'Yet, perhaps he would accept my well-tried rifle. Unerring of aim, the chief cannot replace it.' Again the missionary shook his head.

For a moment the chief paused; then, as a new thought struck him, suddenly despoiling himself of his striped blanket, he cried with childlike earnestness, 'Perhaps he who had not where to lay his head will accept the chief's blanket. The poor chief will be cold without it, yet it is offered joyfully.'

Touched by love's persistency, the missionary tried to explain to him the real nature of the Son of God; that it was not men's gifts, but men's hearts, that he yearned for. For a moment a cloud of grief darkened the rough features of the old chief; then, as the true nature of the Son of God slowly dawned upon him, casting aside his blanket and rifle, he clasped his hands, and looking up into the blue sky, his face beaming with joy, he exclaimed. 'Perhaps the Son of the Blessed One will deign to accept the poor old chief himself!'—'Child's Paper.'

Class Photographs.

Scarcely a Sunday-school that does not contain from one to a dozen amateur photographers—who do good work, too. Taking an annual picture of each class in the school, each in a separate group, might easily and inexpensively be done. A set could be kept by the superintendent or secretary, and a picture of each class be given to its teacher. However, if this seems too vast an undertaking, the individual teacher will not be sorry for getting occasional photographs of his class, either singly or in groups. He, or one of the boys or girls, is pretty sure to have a camera. Get the class together; make the occasion attractive; let each scholar have copies of the picture when printed. As time goes by you will be glad that you have done so. That has been the experience of many teachers. The past summer, for instance, amateur pictures were taken of groups at a certain Sunday-school picnic, and were so successful, and so much admired, that they have been framed, and hung on the wall of the Sunday-school room.—'Sunday-school Times.'

When the lesson has been taught, let the Sunday-school teacher seize the chance for a personal word with this member of the class or that. Prize the personal word. Seek opportunity for the saying of it. Do not think the teaching of the lesson only your whole function.—'Maryland Host.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Janet's Idea.

The Hemphills were a wealthy family, consisting of the father, mother, and four children. The eldest son had graduated from college and was now practicing medicine in a western city. The eldest daughter was married and lived in the west also. Only Gertrude, now nineteen, and Janet, aged eleven, were at home. One summer, Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill and these two daughters went to visit the Speedwells.

The Hemphills had attended, more or less regularly, a fashionable city church. They had contributed liberally to its support and the children went to Sunday-school—when they were not at their country home, nor in Europe, nor travelling about various mountains and shores in search of amusement. As this was not a very large proportion of the time, the children, as such things were not much talked of at home, had not received the average amount of religious instruction among the class of people to which the Hemphills belonged.

The Speedwells had been intimate with them for many years, but it so chanced that the children had never stayed in the Speedwell home until the occasion of this visit. The religion of the Speedwells was of the genuine, unobtrusive, living kind. Their home was a thoroughly Christian one and every morning, before breakfast, father, mother and children gathered together and enjoyed readings from the scriptures and prayer. Little Janet, singular as it may seem, had never been before in a home where family prayers were observed. She was of a serious and thoughtful temperament, and was deeply impressed with the beautiful exercise. Her father afterwards told Mrs. Speedwell the following story:

'On our way home from your house Janet and I had a quiet little talk together, and she said, "I like the Speedwells very much, papa, and I would like to do a good many things that they do. Now their way of reading and praying in the morning is very nice, I think. Why don't we do that way?"'

'I told her that it was pretty hard to get our family together in the mornings. Mamma wasn't very well, and she got tired going out with Gertrude, and they both wanted to lie in bed in the morning. I didn't believe that we could manage it. Janet had to admit the truth of what I said, but she thought a minute and then broke out with, "But you and I could have prayers together, papa. Why couldn't we?"

'"Oh," I said, "you think that you could be up for it, but you would want to sleep over, too, and papa would have to go down town—and we couldn't keep it up." "Yes we could, papa," she persisted. "I know that I could keep it up. I wouldn't let anything hinder me. Now you try it, will you?"

'Of course I promised that I would. That was two years ago, and Janet and I have had prayers together ever since. Never, when she has been well, and we have been at home together, has she lost a morning. It has been a crown of blessing to us both.'

'Verily,' breathed the good woman, who heard this touching story, 'verily, a little child shall lead them!'—'Congregationalist.'

How Tot is Neglected.

Taking the little child out for exercise too often means a promenade for personal pleasure, in which the well-being of a child is not for a moment considered. He is held in with a tight rein, made to walk slow or fast, to suit his conductor, jerked away from sights that attract his attention, snubbed when he asks questions, and scolded in a hard, mechanical way that has the inevitable effect of dulling his sensibilities, and either making him rebellious or cowardly, as his disposition inclines towards boldness or timidity. One hour's untrammelled freedom were worth, for health, days of such perfunctory outings, and the moral effect would be far happier.

Doubtless much of the docility of the country child indoors is owing to the liberty he enjoys out of the house. If our city children had playgrounds of their own, there would be much less insubordination among them. But if we cannot altogether satisfy their natural desires, let us at least do what we can. Let us give them every innocent liberty, recollecting that staid as we ourselves are now, there was a time when the feeling of the sunshine and fresh air mounted like wine to our heads, when our blood stirred in quicker currents, our muscles twitched with the impulses of motion, and a little physical freedom, of the kind young animals enjoy, seemed to us the finest thing in the world.—Florence Hull Winterburn, in 'Ladies' Home Companion.'

On Instalment.

'The Christian Intelligencer,' has some very just words on the increase of advertisements offering costly articles for sale on the instalment plan. The plan, while within the line of legitimate methods, is connected with much that is evil. It is often a direct inducement for persons to go into debt, and chiefly for articles of luxury which they could very well do without, such as pianos, melodeons, and bicycles. These latter toys, indeed, seem to be within the scope of almost every one without regard to their financial ability, and under the delusion of saving car-fares and promoting health, there are too many who use them and find it hard to pay for them. If the money is in hand, it is by no means always wise to invest in articles of pleasure and luxury, for we have known many seriously embarrassed by such indulgences, but when they are purchased on the instalment plan, they introduce the unhappy purchaser to a system of debt, and shifts to get out of it, which are far from conducive to happiness, and aid in forming most objectionable habits. If you must have a thing, buy it, if you have the money in hand, but don't hang a weight around your neck, by going into debt for it, by the instalment plan of paying for it.—'Episcopal Recorder.'

Selected Recipes.

Baked Spring Lamb Chops. — Season and cover with egg and breadcrumbs. Bake in the oven until brown, and serve with green peas or tomato sauce. If winter lamb chops are used, it is well to pour melted butter on them the day before using, and to scrape it off before dipping in the egg.

Soft Molasses Cookies.—Two cups molasses one tablespoonful each of salt, vinegar and ginger, one-half cup lard or butter filled up with cold water. Stir thick with flour and add two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of warm water. Roll thick.

Cocoanut Pudding.—One heaped cup cocoanut cakes broken in small pieces. Soak them half an hour in one pint of milk. Beat yolks of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Stir into milk and bake about twenty minutes.

Apple Tapioca Pudding.—Pare and core a dozen apples; fill the halves with sugar, and stick a clove or two into each apple. Place in a pudding dish and pour over them a cupful of tapioca which has been soaked in water several hours. Eat with cream.

To Take out Oil.—If oil is spilled upon a carpet, immediately scatter cornmeal over it, and the oil will be absorbed. Oil that has soaked into a carpet may be taken out by laying a thick piece of blotting paper over it and pressing with a hot flatiron; repeat the operation, using a fresh piece of paper each time.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

SEEDS

The publishers have again completed arrangements with one of the oldest and best seed houses in the Dominion to supply the 'Witness' collection of seeds for 1898 which were so popular last year with 'Messenger' subscribers. The seeds have been carefully selected as most suitable for all parts of the Dominion. No packages can be exchanged from one collection to another.

Offer No. 1.

The Farm Garden Collection.

To secure this collection of seeds free send list of ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30c each.

	cents.
Beans, Mammoth Wax or Butter	.05
Beans, Wardwell's Kidney Wax	.05
Beet, extra early Intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Cabbage, Premium flat Dutch	.05
Carrot, early horn	.05
Carrot, half long Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, Impd. long green	.05
Corn, sweet, early market	.10
Corn, sweet, evergreen	.05
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Nasturtium, dwarf	.05
Onion, selected yellow Danvers	.05
Onion, Silverskin, pickling	.05
Peas, new Queen	.10
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, Triple Curled	.05
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Radish, half-long Scarlet	.05
Pepper, long Red	.05
Spinach, long standing	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Squash, Vegetable Marrow	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, Early White Stone	.05
Turnip, Purple Top, Swede	.05
Sage	.05
Summer Savory	.05
Total	$1.75

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a packet of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis, price 20c.

The Farm Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 75c, or with 'Messenger, one year, 70c.

Offer No. 2.

The Kitchen Garden Collection.

Five subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30 cents each secures this collection free.

	cents.
Beans, Mamoth Red German Wax	.05
Beet, extra early intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Carrot, half long Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, improved long green	.05
Corn, sweet early market	.10
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected, Yellow Danvers	.05
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, triple curled	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Tomtao, new, Canada	.10
Turnip, early stone	.05
Total	$1.10

In addition to the above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis price, twenty cents.

The Kitchen Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger' one year, 70c.

Offer No. 3.

The Flower Garden Collection.

Send five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure offer No. 3 free.

	cents.
Aster, giant flowering, mixed colors.	15
Sweet Mignonette	.05
Pansy, new giant flowering, mixed.	.10
Zinnia, mamoth double, all colors	.10
Nasturtium, tall, mixed	.05
Portulaca	.05
Candytuft, all colors	.05
Morning Glory	.05
Pinks, Double, China	.05
Balsam, Improved double mixed	.10
Marvel of Peru	.05
Verbena, mammoth flowering	.10
Stocks, large flowering, ten weeks.	.10
Sweet Peas, the finest selection	.10
Phlox Drummondi, all colors	.05
Petunia, finest, all colors and shades	.10
Total	$1.25

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of new Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Flower Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c or with 'Messenger' one year, one dollar.

ADDRESS

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.